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CHAPTER V.

HE public wagonette in which Marjorie was to journey home ran dilly between Dumfries and Annanmouth, a small seaside village much frequented in summer for its sea-bathing, and passed within half a mile of Mr. Lorraine's abode, which was just six Scotch miles away from Dumfries itself. The starting place was the Honny Jean Commercial Inn, an establishment said to have been much patronized by the poet Burns during his residence in the south of Scotland; and hither Marjorie, after leaving her tutor, proceeded without delay.

The wagonette was about to start; and Marjorie leaned to take her place. The vehicle was drawn by two powerful horses, and could accommodate a dozen passengers inside and one more on the seat of the driver; but today there were only a few going—three farmers and their wives, a sailor on his way home from sea, and a couple of female farm servants who had come in to the spring "hiring." All these had taken their seats; but John Sutherland stood by the trap waiting to hand Marjorie in. She stepped in and took her place and the young man found a seat at her side, when the driver took the reins and mounted to his seat, and with waves and smiles from the Misses Dalrymple, who kept the Honny Jean Inn, and a cheer from a very small boy on the pavement away they went.

At last the vehicle reached the cross-roads where John and Marjorie were to alight. They leapt out, and pursued their way on foot, the young man carrying a small hand-valise, Marjorie still holding her school books underneath her arm.

Presently they came to a two-arched bridge which spanned the Annan. They passed just above the keystone. The young man rested his valise on the grassy wall, and both looked thoughtfully down at the flowing stream.

"It's many a long year, Marjorie, since we first stood here. I was a bare-footed child, you were a wee scarce able to run; and now I'm a man, and you're almost a woman. Yet here's the Annan beneath us, the same as ever, and it will be the same when we're both old—always the same."

Marjorie turned her head away, and her eyes were dim with tears.

"Come away," she said; "I cannot bear to look at it! Whenever I watch the Annan I seem to see my mother's faded face looking up at me out of the quiet water."

"The young man drew closer to her, and gently touched her hand.

"Don't grieve, Marjorie!" he murmured softly; "your poor mother's at peace with God."

"Yes, Johnnie, I know that," answered the girl in a broken voice; "but it's sad, sad, to have neither kith nor kin, and to remember the way my mother used—ay, and not even to be able to guess her name! Whiles I feel very homesome, when I think it all over."

"And no wonder! But you have those that love you dearly, for all that. There's not a lady in the country more thought of than yourself, and wherever your bonny face has come it has brought comfort."

As he spoke he took her hand in his, and looked at her very fondly; for her own gaze was far away, following her own thoughts.

"You're all very good to me," she said presently; "Mr. Lorraine, and Selkirk, and all my friends; but, for all that, I miss my own kith and kin."

He bent his face close to hers, as he murmured:

"Some day, Marjorie, you'll have a home and kith of your own, and then I'll be with you."

He paused, blushing, for her clear, radiant eyes were suddenly turned all upon his face.

"What do you mean, Johnnie?"

"I mean that you'll marry, and—"

"Flirtation broke through the cloud, and Marjorie smiled.

"Marry? Is it me? It's early in the day to think of that, at seventeen!"

Other young lasses think of it, Marjorie, and so must you. Our Agnes married last Martinmas, and she was only a year older than yourself."

I've striven hard and hoped to become a painter, it has all been for love of you. I know my folk are poor, and that in other respects I'm not a match for you, who have been brought up as a lady, but there will be neither peace nor happiness for me in this world unless you consent to become my wife."

As he continued to speak she had become more and more surprised and more surprised and startled. The sudden revelation of what so many people knew, but which she herself had never suspected, came upon her as a shock of sharp pain; so that when he ceased, trembling and confused by the vehemence of his own confession, she was quite pale, and all the light seemed to have gone out of her beautiful eyes as she replied:

"Don't talk like that! You're not serious! Your wife, I shall be 'nobody's wife,' as I said, but surely, surely not yours."

"Why not mine, Marjorie?" he cried, growing pale in turn. "I'll work day and night; I'll neither rest nor sleep until I have a home fit for you! You shall be a lady—O! Marjorie, tell me you care for me, and will make me happy!"

"I do care for you, Johnnie! I care for you so much that I can't bear to hear you talk as you have done. You have been like my own brother, and now—"

"And now I want to be something nearer and dearer. Marjorie, speak to me; at least tell me you're not angry!"

"Angry with you, Johnnie?" she replied, smiling again, and giving him both hands. "As if I could be! But you must be very good, and not speak of it again."

She disengaged herself and moved slowly across the bridge. He lifted his valise and followed her anxiously.

"I know what it is," he said sadly, as they went on side by side together. "You think I'm too poor, and you would be ashamed of my folk."

She turned her head and gazed at him in mild reproach.

"Oh, how can you think so hardly of me? I love your mother and father as if they were my own; and as for your being poor, I shouldn't like you at all if you were rich. But," she added gently, "I like you as my brother best."

"If I could be always even that I should not mind; but no, Marjorie, you're too bonny to hide alone, and if any other man came and took you from me, it would break my heart."

"What nonsense you talk!" she exclaimed, smiling again. "As if any other man would care. If I were twenty, it would be time enough to talk like that; but at seventeen—oh, Johnnie, you almost make me laugh!"

"Tell me one thing," he persisted; "tell me you don't like any one better than you like me."

"I don't like any one half so well, except, except—Mr. Lorraine."

"You are sure, Marjorie?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I'll hide my time and wait."

By this time the village was in sight, and they were soon walking along the main street, which was as sleepy and deserted as usual. Even at the tavern door not a soul was to be seen; but the landlady's face looked out from behind the window-pane with a grin nod of greeting. A few houses beyond the inn, Sutherland paused close to a small, one-storyed cottage, in front of which was a tiny garden laid out in pansy beds.

"Will you come in, Marjorie?" he asked doubtfully.

Marjorie nodded and smiled, and without another word he opened the garden gate, crossed the walk, and led the way into the cottage.

CHAPTER VI.

As they entered the door a loud humming sound came upon their ears, mingled with the sound of voices.

Turning to the right, they found themselves on the threshold of a room, half parlor, half kitchen, at one end of which was a large loom, where an elderly man, of grave and somewhat careworn aspect, was busily weaving. Seated on a chair close to him was a girl of about fourteen, dressed in the ordinary petticoat and short gown, and reading aloud from a book. At the other end of the room, where there was an open ingie and a fire, an elderly matron was cooking.

Suddenly there was an exclamation from the latter, who was the first to perceive the entrance of the newcomers.

"Johnnie!" she cried, holding out her arms; and in another moment she had folded her son in her embrace, and was kissing him fondly.

The young girl rose, smiling, took in hand; the man ceased his weaving, but remained quite still in his chair.

"Yes, here I am, mother; and I've brought company, as you see!"

"Hoo's a' w' ye, Marjorie!" cried the matron, holding out her hand. "It's a treat to see your bonny face. Sit ye down by the fire!"

"Is that my son?" said the weaver, "I see from the war news," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that several magazines have been captured."

"Yes," replied Mr. Snaggs. "I suppose the object is to prevent the editors from filling their pages with war articles for the next twenty-five years."

"Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph."

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In a deep, musical voice, but without turning his head. His infirmity was now apparent—he was stone blind.

John Sutherland walked across the room, gave his sister a pressing kiss, and placed his hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder.

"It's yourself, my lad! I ken you noo. I feel your breath about me! What way did ye no write to tell us you were on the road home?"

"I was not sure until the last moment that I could start so soon, but I jumped into the train last night, and down I came."

"Who's along w' you?" asked the weaver, smiling. "I'll wager it's Marjorie Annan!"

"Yes, Mr. Sutherland," answered Marjorie, crossing the room and joining the little group. "I met Johnnie in Dumfries, and we came home together."

The weaver nodded his head gently, and the smile on his face lightened into loving sweetness.

"Stand close, side by side," he said, "while I tak' a long look at bath o' ye."

"While you look at us!" echoed Marjorie in surprise.

"Ay, and what for no? Dinna think, because my bodily een are blind, that I cannot see wae w' the een o' my soul! Ay, there you stand, lass and lad—my boy John and Marjorie Annan; bath fair, bath w' blue een; John proud and glad, and Marjorie blushing by his side; all I need and abune ye, coming out o' the golden gates o' Heaven! Stand still a wee and hark! Do ye hear nothing? Ay, but I can hear! A sound like kirk-bells ringing far awa'."

As he spoke he sat with shining face, as if he indeed gazed on the sweet vision he was describing. Marjorie grew red as fire, and cast down her eyes; for she was only too conscious of the old man's meaning, and, remembering what had taken place that day, she felt constrained and almost annoyed. John Sutherland shared her uneasiness, and to divert the conversation into another channel, he spoke to his young sister, who stood smiling close by.

Marjorie, uneasy lest the old man's dreamy talk should again take an awkward turn, was determined to make her escape.

"Good-bye now, Mr. Sutherland," she said, taking his hand in hers. "I must run home; Mr. Lorraine will be expecting me."

And before any one could say a word to detain her, she was crossing the threshold of the cottage. Young Sutherland followed her as far as the garden gate.

"Marjorie," he said, "I hope you're not angry?"

"No, no," she replied; "but I wish your father would not talk as if we were courting. Johnnie. It makes me feel so awkward, and you know it is not true."

"Old folk will talk," said John Sutherland, "and father only speaks out of the fullness of his heart. He is very fond of ye, Marjorie!"

"I know that, and I of him—that is why it troubles me to hear him talk like that."

There was a moment's pause; then Sutherland sadly held out his hand.

"Well, good-bye, just now. I'll be looking ye up at the manse!"

"Good-bye!" she answered. "Come soon! Mr. Lorraine will be so glad to see you."

So she hastened away, while Sutherland, with a sigh, stood looking after her. He had loved her so long and so silently, and now for the first time in his life he began to dread that she might not love him in return. To him, just then, it seemed as if all the world was darkened, the blue sky clouded, all the sweet spring weather touched with a wintry hush of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORANGES WITH HORNS.

Some Strange Varieties of the Fruit Grown by the Chinese.

The Chinese are very fond of monstrous forms of fruit and flowers, and any departure from the normal form is usually cherished and highly valued.

In their gardens they have numerous forms of monstrous oranges—some will produce fruit with points like fingers, and are known as the Hand Orange. Another form, says Meachan's Monthly, has a long horn projecting from the apex, and they are known as the Horn Orange. Another variety, which botanists have known by the name of Citrus aurantium distortum, bears a fruit in the resemblance of a cluster of sea shells. To one ignorant of the laws of vegetable morphology, these apells of wandering from the normal type are very mysterious, but when it is understood that all parts of the orange, as well as other fruits, are made up of what would have been leaves or branches changed so as to constitute the various parts of the seed and seed vessels, and that a very little difference in the degree of life energy will change them into various different parts that come to make up the fruit, the mystery in a great measure is solved. There are few branches of botany which give the lover of fruits and flowers so much pleasure as the study of morphology.

A Good Idea.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Fields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Advantages of Drainage.

THE necessity of drainage is not to be determined by the quality of water which falls or flows upon the surface, nor upon the power of the sun to carry it off by evaporation; but upon the character of the sub-soil. If that is of sand or gravel the water will pass off below by natural drainage; but if the sub-soil is clay or other impervious substance, the water is checked in its downward course and remains stagnant or bursts out upon the surface in the form of springs. Most of the prairie lands are of the latter character, and wherever such sub-soil exists the land will not only be improved by tile drainage, but it may be said that such drainage is absolutely essential to its proper development and culture.

To question the necessity of the process is little less absurd than it would be to ask whether it would be improved by plowing, instead of making hills for corn in the prairie grass with a hoe or spade. All lands require drainage which, at any season, contain too much water—that is, which hold at any time of the year more moisture than is good for the crops, and causes them to suffer, either by freezing out in winter, or having their roots in water during the growing season. Drainage has been appropriately defined as "the art of rendering land not only so free from moisture that no superfluous water shall remain in it, but that no water shall remain long enough to injure or retard the healthy growth of such plants as are required for the sustenance of man or beast."

There are some plants, as rice and cranberries, which require a wet soil, but most of those which are useful to man, are drowned by being overwatered for a short time, and are injured by any stagnant water about their roots. The soil of the prairies, in most cases, is underlaid with clay, which not unfrequently contains a mixture of metallic oxides, which cause it to form a substratum almost of the nature of rock, and known commonly among farmers as "hard pan."

It is a common impression that clay is impervious to water, and that, therefore, a clay soil—and particularly if it has assumed the solid form of "hard pan" under the surface—can not be drained with tile, and especially if the tile is laid lower than the "hard pan." But that such land is not absolutely impervious is proved by the fact that it is very wet in the spring at almost any depth, while in the latter part of the summer it becomes dry and hard. How comes it to be soaked at any time, if water does not go into it? And how comes it dry, if water does not come out of it? The facts that clay will readily absorb a great deal of water, and that it may be subsequently dried, prove conclusively that it is not impervious to water, but they do not prove that water will pass through it with sufficient rapidity to answer the practical purposes of drainage. It is nevertheless a fact that owners of clay farms almost invariably overestimate the difficulty in draining their land. They know that puddled clay is used for the bottom of ponds, canals, etc., and is nearly or quite impervious. But such is not its natural condition, and it is only reached by working and beating it while wet, or, as in the case of the hard pan subsoil, by continued pressure from above. Nor can clay be kept in this condition except by being constantly wet. If once dried, or subjected to the action of frost, it resumes its natural porous condition.—Araoz.

Origin of Forests.

The life of plants as well as of animals began in the water, and from water plants of simple structure there gradually developed the forms fitted to thrive upon land, writes William J. Hopkins in Chicago Record.

The first land plants of which we have evidence, although probably not the first that existed, were fern-like in character. As their number became greater the crowding forced each plant to reach out higher after the sunlight and the air. In this struggle for existence began that evolution of those most fitted to survive, which has resulted in the forms that we know to-day. Those which developed the tallest trunks conquered the shorter varieties and forced them either to die out completely or to occupy less favorable situations.

The trees of the first great forests, which became the beds of coal of the principal coal-forming period, were weak in structure, not far removed from the ferns, with pithy trunks, requiring much moisture and warmth. They were not well adapted to propagate and spread, as their seeds were very small and incapable of withstanding rigorous conditions. From these forms there gradually developed the palms and trees somewhat resembling the present cone-bearing forms, or evergreens, this process of development continuing until in comparatively recent ages came the prevailing race of our modern forests. These may be divided into two great classes—the narrow-leaved, cone-bearing trees, or evergreens, and the broad-leaved trees, which usually shed their leaves in the autumn. All have a great advantage over the earliest forms in their strong trunks, capable of supporting a great weight of branches and leaves and enabling them to attain

heights of 100 to 300 feet above the earth. The fight for place and existence is now chiefly between the evergreens and the broad-leaved or deciduous trees, and in this struggle the broad-leaved trees are so far superior that the evergreens have already been driven to a great extent to the less temperate, cold regions or to the drier and less favorable soils.

Methods of Spreading and Growth.—The distribution of forest trees depends not only upon the characteristics of the particular kind and its adaptability to the soil and climate, but also upon the chance of distribution of the seed and the provision against its destruction by animals. Many trees are subject to the depredations of various insect enemies which may prevent seeding or may even destroy the tree; and the seeds of most trees form a more or less palatable food for birds or beasts. Some trees are better protected than others against these chances of destruction and the better protected trees stand a correspondingly better chance of increasing in numbers and surpassing the other kinds. If the squirrels or the wild pigs and the nuts of the white oak sweeter and more wholesome than those of some other oaks the standing white oaks will leave few if any descendants and will eventually disappear, while the red oaks flourish. In entering upon new ground the trees having the lightest seeds will be the first to take possession, their seeds being carried to greater distances than those of the others. The light seeds of the willow or the seeds of the maple, which, although heavier, have upon them wing-like attachments, will enable their kind to far outstrip the nut-bearing trees, like the walnut, hickory and oak. These heavy-seeded trees are limited in their reproduction, practically to the distance at which a nut falls to the ground or to the chance distribution by the forgotten hoards of the squirrel. By the swiftness of their march the light-seeded plants will thus more quickly reach regions where the rainfall is just sufficient to furnish the roots enough moisture or the growing season is just long enough to enable them to mature the wood of each year's growth. Beyond this point they cannot live. The heavy-seeded forms are plodding surely along behind them and in the final struggle the trees best adapted to the soil at any given locality will endure by the overwhelming of the others.

Fall Rye.

There are a few crops that the American farmer can use more profitably than this. When it is sown early in the fall and the weather is favorable for the plant, it affords a great amount of pasture for calves, colts or pigs, writes S. Blanchard in Journal of Agriculture.

In much of the weather during the fall when pastures are short, the cows can be turned upon the land to feed, and that will make the wife smile with joy when she goes to town with her well-filled jars or pails of butter. The farmer, too, will smile with pleasure when he beholds his calves, colts and all other stock entering upon the winter in such fine condition. During much of the winter, when they are turned out of their yards they will start at once for the rye field. In fact, it can be pastured nearly all winter when the ground is not covered with snow. It can also be pastured quite late in the spring, and when the stock is all removed will often spring up if weather is favorable and afford to the farmer a fair crop of grain. Or the field can be plowed up in the spring and planted to corn or some other crop. The fall plowing will have made the land more mellow for any spring crop. All farmers who have fields that can be utilized in this way should not fail to sow rye. Years ago many of the farmers in Kansas pastured their wheat fields when not covered with snow. Some thought it was no detriment to their crops while many question the utility of the practice. But rye is one of our hardest grains. Drought does not affect it as it does wheat or oats.

Mechanical Effects of Drainage.—The mechanical effects of drainage are to deepen the soil and promote its more thorough pulverization. Its first effort is to dry its surface soil by drawing out of it all the surplus moisture, so that in early spring or late autumn it may be worked with the plow as advantageously as at midsummer. A wet soil can never be properly pulverized, and the plowing or working a clay soil, or even a heavy loam, when wet, tends only to puddle it and render it less pervious to water and air. Rain water contains a great quantity and variety of fertilizing substances, and it deposits them in the soil during its passage through it. Both these facts are perceptible to the senses without resorting to chemical tests.

Outlet of Drains.—No portion of a system of drainage demands more careful consideration than the outlet. It is, of course, essential that it should be enough lower than any portion of the lands that are to be drained by it to admit of sufficient fall for the passage of water from the heads of its most distant tributaries. Yet it must be high enough above the level of whatever water it empties into to prevent danger of its being overflowed and the drainage water dammed back in the pipes.

Wheat King of Argentina.—The wheat king of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Aires. His crop occupies an area of 50,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 9,000 railway trucks with his grain.—Ex.

There is no excuse for the presence of rye, cockle or chess in wheat at harvest-time. It is not always possible to have absolutely clean seed, and weed-seeds are in the soil, but it is practicable to clean the standing grain when these weed pests appear. Rye shoots up much higher than the wheat, and cockle has a blossom easily seen. Taking two drill widths at a through, a man can pass over an acre of wheat very quickly, clipping off the heads or blossoms of these undesirable plants. We have too much thoroughbred cockle in the country. The fanning-mills take out the lighter and smaller grains of cockle, but too often leave the largest grains in the seed. In this way we have been raising the standard for cockle until some of it is as heavy as wheat-grain. It, together with rye and other filth in wheat, can be wholly eradicated by a little care before wheat harvest. Lowlands often have some docks in the wheat, and seed is ripened before harvest. Getting into the manure, they are carried back to cultivated fields. A watch should be kept for these, and an ounce of prevention saves the cost of a pound of cure.—Ex.

Clean Wheat.

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Winter Shrubbery.

Anyone planting a lawn or shrubs should first of all consider how to have it an all-round-the-year lawn. Most shrubberies are pretty only in the spring, but it is possible to have the shrubbery showy, bright and cheering, even in winter. The best winter shrubs are the barberries, including the English sort, which has become naturalized in many of our states, the high bush cranberry and the red-barked dogwood. This last has fire-red bark all winter, and when it is ten years old will cover a space twenty feet in diameter in moist soil. It is grand for winter. The High Bush cranberry is always beautiful, flowering in May, and in July and August is covered with yellowish red berries, which turn deep crimson in October, and remain on the bush till spring. But for all bushes for winter give me a large barberry. The berries do not lose their brilliancy with any amount of freezing. For early winter by all means and the American Euonymus. All the above shrubs can be found in our woodland edges.—Vick's Magazine for August.

The most expensive product in the world is said to be charcoal thread, which is employed for incandescent lamps. It is, for the most part, manufactured in Paris, and comes from the hands of an artist who desires his name to remain unknown in order to better protect the secret of the manufacture. The product sells at from \$8,000 to \$12,000 per pound, according to the kind of lamp that it is to be supplied.

Bisulphide of Carbon for Ants.—Those who are annoyed with ants on their lawns can get rid of the pests by taking a sharp stick and making holes in or near the ant hills, and pouring into them about two tablespoonful of bisulphide of carbon, pressing the soil over the hole at once to prevent its evaporation. The fumes of the bisulphide will penetrate the soil and kill every insect.—Ex.

Do not cultivate the orchard in the fall.